

Home by TripleDeckerEggoExtravaganza

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike and El reunite a second time after she closes the gate. Fluff ensues.

Home

Waiting for Hopper and Eleven to return to the Byers's house was torturous.

She'd been back, alive. Standing in front of him, smiling, blood trickling out of her nose, she looked exactly as he remembered her. Then she was gone again.

Mike didn't blame Hopper (for this instance, at least) nor Will. It was what Will had asked, what would save Hawkins. Again, El was the one to perform this task, and Mike was terrified for her.

What seemed like an eternity later the Byers's front door opened to reveal a tired-looking Hopper carrying El, who was out cold. Hopper, after taking one look at Mike's expression, allowed Mike to remove El from his arms.

Eleven didn't look wonderful, to say the least. Blood was heavily running out of both of her nostrils and pooling at her upper lip. Her eye makeup, wherever it had come from, was smeared, giving her the appearance of a raccoon.

Joyce had been in the kitchen conversing with Hopper, but was now at Mike's side, examining Eleven.

"That's a nosebleed if I've ever seen one," Joyce said, chuckling nervously. Mike nodded absently.

"Listen, kid, I know you're worried."

Both Mike and Joyce's heads turned to look at Hopper.

"I... Yeah," Mike fumbled, attempting to wipe the blood from El's face with his sleeve. Unfortunately it did about as much good as if he'd been using a red paintbrush to do so.

"Here, idiot," Lucas said, handing Mike a damp cloth. Max, standing behind him, simply looked at Mike.

Mike smiled weakly. "Thanks," he replied, too concerned with El to

conjure a retort. His original task proved to be a lot easier after receiving the cloth; a good bit of the blood was gone, but Mike was hesitant to apply too much pressure to remove the rest.

The soft hum of Joyce and Hopper's conversation mixed with Eleven's ragged breaths as Mike finished, setting the cloth aside.

"Ms. Byers?" Dustin's voice rang out. Joyce pressed two fingers to her temple.

"Yes?"

"We forgot to tell you, there's a... An experiment in your refrigerator."

"A what?"

"Yeah, an, uh, experiment that Steve helped me with," Dustin explained, giving Steve a thumbs-up and a grin. Steve choked on a Pringle.

Mike was able to genuinely laugh as Joyce opened her refrigerator, screaming, the dead Demodog falling limply at her feet. Hopper could be heard muttering something about needing a beer.

"Mike."

The hoarse whisper caused Mike to jump. Eleven was awake, most likely due to the screams and laughter. Her eyes locked onto Mike's.

"El!" Mike pulled her into a hug. She responded with a yelp of shock.

"Sorry, El," Mike apologized, a smile plastered on his face.

"Whoa, look at the lovebirds," Nancy teased. El tilted her head to the side, eyebrows furrowing.

"Birds?"

"It's... It's an expression," Mike told her hastily, shooting a glare at his sister.

It had taken everyone about three seconds to notice that Eleven was

awake; soon she was bombarded with questions. Her expression gradually went from one of normality (at least, as normal as she could be, considering the circumstances) to anxiety. She inched closer to Mike as the lights flickered. He noticed fresh blood seeping out of her nose.

Hopper realized the connection of these events as well and sprang into action.

"Hey. Hey! Calm down and back up, will you?" he loudly addressed the group. Silence engulfed the room but was interrupted almost immediately by a strangled cough. Joyce hurriedly excused herself and made her way to Will's room, a small audience trailing behind her.

"You all right, El?" Mike asked gently, turning to the girl that was currently pressed against his side. She nodded, easing away from him. Her eyes darted around the room, landing anywhere and everywhere but Mike.

"El..." Mike began, unsure. He thought back to when Eleven was first found in the woods, the frightened look in her eyes.

Hopper gazed at the pair, trying to determine whether or not he should intervene. No, he decided, she'd been away from Mike for long enough. She needed this, whatever it was.

Mike and Hopper soon found out. Eleven, as if snapping out of a trance, turned to Mike. This time she initiated the intimacy. Within seconds her face was buried in the crook of Mike's neck, her arms wrapped around him, their bodies pressed together.

Hopper, eyebrows raised, retreated into Will's room to seek out Joyce, leaving Mike and Eleven alone.

Mike brought a hand up to ruffle El's hair. She lifted her head, a shy smile surfacing on her face.

"Home."

"What?" Mike asked, caught off guard.

"I'm home," Eleven answered.

"Yeah," Mike agreed, "You are."

Author's Note:

This is my first ever Stranger Things fanfiction. Please don't hesitate to tell me your thoughts!(also, I'm on mobile, and I need help putting things in *italics...*)